UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

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UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Assistant Editor: CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY

Editorial Contributors:

RICHARD BARTRAM, J. VILA BLAKE, CHARLES F. DOLE, JOHN R. EFFINGER, EMIL G. HIRSCH, FREDERICK L. HOSMER, WILLIAM C. GANNETT, ELLEN T. LEONARD, JOHN C. LEARNED, EMMA E. MAREAN, HENRY DOTY MAXSON, R. HEBER NEWTON, WILLIAM M. SALTER, MINOT J. SAVAGE, HENRY M. SIMMONS, JAMES G. TOWNSEND, KATE GANNETT WELLS.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE: Messrs. Blake Gannett, Hosmer, Jones, Learned and Simmons.

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Editorial.

WE learn that Mr. P. C. Mozemdar, the well-known disciple of Chunder Sen, has accepted an invitation to be present at the Religious Council of the Columbian Exposition. He comes as the representative of the Brahmo Somaj. He is much interested in the scheme of the Congress, and is urging other representatives of the Indian faith to attend.

IT is pleasant to learn that Mme. Schliemann, widow of the discoverer of Troy's ancient site, is carrying on his work, which falls fittingly into the hands of one who is of Grecian birth and has long had a deep interest in the same line of studies that occupied her husband. She is said to be an accomplished antiquarian. The collection of antiquities gathered by Dr. Schliemann was left to the German Empire, and fills fifty-eight cases in the Royal Museum at Berlin.

DOM PEDRO was held in high regard by the Jews. He was an excellent Hebraist, and translated several parts of the Bible into Latin. The work which occupied him just before his death was a study of Provencal pujutim, published about two months ago under the title, *Poesies Hebraico Provencales*. He had many friends among the learned Jews of Europe, and was on intimate terms with Adolphe Franck, the author of a work on the Cabala. It is supposed there was some Jewish blood in the exiled emperor's veins.

ONE of the many reminders of the loss sustained in the death of Mr. Maxson, seen at Menomonie, was the blackboard, on which a lesson had been written out the night before for use at the Teachers' Meeting. Much of Mr. Maxson's success in his work was due to his painstaking methods of instruction outside the pulpit. The teaching of the children and of the children's teachers formed a large part of his duties. A Milwaukee paper, referring to this incident, says this sentence was written in the center of the board: "He who has never caused fear to the smallest creature need have no fear when he dies." The blackboard is to be framed and hung in the church.

THE monument to Theodore Parker in Florence, at last stands in its place. An address was delivered at the unveiling, by the U. S. Consul to Greece, the Consul at Florence presiding. A friend writes us that the stone is not large, but in excellent taste, with a medallion head of the preacher, the work of W. W. Story, who also contributed a poem. Miss Grace Ellery Channing, granddaughter of Willlam Ellery Channing, removed the veil, and a more appropriate choice could not have been made. About fifty Americans were present. Mr. Parker's grave was covered with white chrysanthemums, and planted with a spray of ivy brought for that purpose from James Freeman Clarke's church, and which is meant to train on a trellis over the stone.

THE *Independent* publishes an article on Negro Citizenship in the form of a letter from one Southerner to another. The writer admits the negro's faults, that he is by no means as white as he has been painted by some of his sentimental friends; but it is not strange that a class of people whose marital rights have been ignored for generations should be as a rule unchaste; that they who were stolen, should steal; whose word was never taken on oath should find it easy to lie; that laziness should be a natural trait in those never allowed to reap the fruits of their own labor. But admitting all that is said against the black man, the question remains, is he a serf or a citizen,—and this loyal-hearted citizen and humane brother from the South replies that "this is America, and that here serfdom has no place for the sole of its foot."

IN a recent number of *Brains*, Col. Higginson tells in pleasant vein the story of the old Town and Country Club of Boston, organized in the days when such names as Charles Sumner, Anson Burlingame, Theodore Parker, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Emerson were enrolled among its members. Mr. Emerson, we are told, was the natural leader, but we suspect not in an executive sense, for we learn that his place on the business committee was soon given to another. We have equal difficulty in thinking of Mr. Alcott as an efficient corresponding secretary, and wonder what mystical side remarks were slipped into the letters announcing meetings and reminding members of unpaid dues. He was, however, Mr. Higginson says, the real center of the club, whose special work in it he is to describe further, in another number. The club held monthly meetings, and did not lack deep and living topics to discuss. It broke up at last, one of the members said, because of "the difficulty of reconciling the wishes of the Boston lawyers, who asked merely for a club-room, with those of the country clergymen, who expected board, lodging and their washing bills every time they came to Boston."

IN a little railway station bearing a name easier to write than to pronounce, Motjesfontein, twelve hours' ride from Cape Town, the author of "An African Farm" lives. The place contains less than a dozen houses, it is said. Miss Schreiner does not even have the companionship of books, for we are told that she has but a small library, mostly made up, as might be guessed, of philosophical works. She is said to be well informed however, and to converse brilliantly and well on many topics. For the rest, a writer like this one, would naturally draw her chief inspiration from inner sources, and she seems fittingly placed in the bare but picturesque landscape of Northern Africa she has reproduced so well in her books.

HERE is a neat way of getting around one of the perplexing problems in theology. It is a sagacious invention which enables one to say it and not to say it, to conform to latest thought without breaking with oldest dogmas. A Congregationalist minister in Chicago was recently ordained over a popular church, and in his address before the Council, said: that he believed the Bible to be not a revelation from God, but a revelation of God, and in this sense to be inspired, not only in its writing, but in its collection and preservation. He could not accept the doctrine of sin derived from the first man; original sin being simply a bent given to men in the direction of evil. Christ did not so much make an atonement as reveal an atonement. The atonement was a revelation of what we ought to be. We should think the Council might have asked, is this not equally true of a collection of the British poets, or of the writings of Seneca and Epictetus? "Not a revelation *from* God, but a revelation *of* God;" and in this sense may they not be said to be "inspired, not only in their writings, but in their collection and preservation?"

THE fact that Dr. Keeley takes a hundred dollar fee from the patients he cures at Dwight, has excited the displeasure of some of the Pharisees, conscious of living lives of pure benevolence on their own part. The question having been derisively asked by one of our daily press, what Dr. Keeley proposed to do for the poor drunkard in the gutter, an answer came promptly in the shape of a printed communication, in which he offered to buy the Washingtonian Home on West Madison street, and with the same moneyed assistance that institution now receives from the city, carry on its work according to his own methods. We have not yet learned whether the offer will be accepted, but there appears to have been some demurring on the part of the present management. The Home combines the physiological, with the moral method of cure, which forms doubtless a rational basis; but it does not possess the right to use Dr. Keeley's specific, and the results at Dwight are of that brilliant and astonishing character which casts all other methods in the shade.

IN the *Arena* for January, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace writes on "Human Progress; Past and Future," in which he points out the difference between the general advancement of an age or country in civilization, and the moral and intellectual progress of man. Relatively, man, to the age in which he lives as individual, is but little farther advanced to-day than fifty or one hundred years ago. Material civilization is cumulative, while man has in a sense the whole experience of the race to repeat in his own short span of life. Though heredity is an accepted fact it is found that the transmission of higher acquired qualities derived from education are seldom transmissible; yet Mr. Wallace finds two permanent factors at work for the advancement of the race—both forms of selection—one that process of elimination by which the weak and vicious members of society are slowly separated from the rest; the other, the growing freedom and intelligence of women. In giving this last factor so important a place, Mr. Wallace agrees with the poet, Ibsen, who thinks the two chief signs of progress manifest in the social life of to-day are the discontent of the laboring classes and the emancipation of women.

"The Old Year!"

Already 1891 is looked upon as a dead and gone thing and we speak of it as the "Old Year." The days that throbbed with life, the weeks that sped with hope, the months that groaned under care and anxiety have gone, and the summing up of the whole is a sigh for the past and a hope for the future. As we write, we are surrounded by an expanse of daily papers, in which are summed up the results of the year. Financial, political and literary, the account is made up. Here, in Chicago, at least, it is made to show a hopeful footing on the credit side. Business has climbed up into the unintelligible millions on every hand. The growth of commerce, population and buildings is beyond the comprehension of the individual mind. In the midst of all this, there is a still, small voice that suggests the wŏrthlessness of these figures and the uncertain character of these footings. We can but remember that with these increasing millions, there has come increasing dangers and unrecognized responsibilities. It is an open question yet, as to whether Chicago or even the United States is assimilating its material as rapidly as it accumulates it. If it does not, then dyspepsia, congestion, disease and death are the inevitable results in store. We will not undertake to solve these larger questions in our retrospective glance this week. As we pass, we once more recall the losses of the year,

the dear names of our own household of faith, among which stand out, Frederick Frothingham, Thomas Hill, Frederick Hinckley, Henry Doty Maxson, Loami Goodenow Ware. These names have been consecrated during the year by death. As we look beyond our own fellowship, we can but speak again with regret and with reverence the names of the venerable Dr. Bancroft, the mentor of American historians, who, in the ripeness of his ninetieth year, laid down his tireless pen this last year. The stalwart and, in his way, prophetic spirit, Charles Bradlaugh, won in his lifetime a triumph for free thought which ought to characterize the years in which he lived as most hopeful ones. In connection with Charles Bradlaugh, we can but think of that other valiant leader of reforms, the hot-blooded champion of liberty, the close of whose life was shadowed by the ill-fated entanglement of a wayward heart; but on that account, we should not forget the valiant service that Parnell rendered the cause of the downtrodden. In the final summing up, by the court which yields decrees other than those of the newspapers, the great devotion of this man will not be fully canceled or permanently obscured by the subtle, dangerous, but at the same time, tender, divine attractions of human love. The heart that is so potent to bless, is alas as potent to curse and blight the lives of men and women. But the central loss of the year to those who stand where the UNITY reader does, must gather around the name of James Russell Lowell, the Bard of Rationalism, the poet voice that was ever lifted in the interest of the humanitarian gospel. He was a man who found in literature a pulpit, finer and higher than his associates and contemporaries were able to find in the church.

As we were gathering material for this editorial, we came for the first time upon the painful news of the death of Professor Kuenen of Leyden. Happily we found the news in the appreciative words of our editorial associate, Dr. Hirsch, and what he says IN MEMORIAM in the columns of the *Reform Advocate*, we are glad to reproduce in our editorial column and heartily and gratefully indorse the words of our associate. The realm of religious life grows free and large in the Christian world, only so far as rational ideas of the Bible take the place of dogmatic ones. Dr. Kuenen did much to give to Christianity the magnificent gift of a released, restored, reanimated Bible. He snatched it from the hands of the dogmatists, rescued it from the slavery of the miraculous and put it into the realm of literature and into the lives of universal history.

To glance at the record of the little household of faith we call "Unitarian," we can but feel that the triumphs of the year are more negative than positive. We have gotten away from certain reactional tendencies and unphilosophic alarms. The era of exclusion, of line drawing and panic is gone, but the constructive enthusiasm, the confidence of an enlarged position has not yet come. Ethical passion to organize the church of the Golden Rule is scarcely yet among us. 'Tis true our officials count up sixty new societies organized in the last two years. It is a better showing, perhaps, than any previous two years in the history of American Unitarianism, but those who are acquainted with the facts, and who know the conditions of the so-called "sixty new churches" must frankly and humiliatingly confess that many of them are still uncertain dependencies, without much internal enthusiasm or a very confident grip on their own future. Our theological schools thus far *train* men for the ministry, but they often fail to *inspire* them. Our young men come out, with a whole-some business concern for their future, they are solicitous about their "bread and butter," and count anxiously the chances for promotions, for a library, and a parish that will bring city privileges. The era of the prophet will one day come. Then, confident that the world has a place for the devout and uncalculating advocates of the spiritual life, and from the contagion of their own personality, they will invoke churches out of the incongruous and unorganized elements of our country, without leaning on outside help and encouragement. Then the era of construction will truly have begun. That this era is to come chiefly or primarily from the work of Unitarians stream is still a question which only the rash will venture to answer. The most hopeful developments of the year have been those within the ranks of the so-called conservative and orthodox churches. There is a growing rational vigor in the heart of Presbyterianism, a glowing openness warming again the ranks of Methodism; there is a disintegration of dogma among the Episcopalians, a turning to the evangelistic methods of a rising faith that is most hopeful. The church of the people, and for the people, without a creed but with a purpose, without dogma but with convictions, without the power of excluding, but with a splendid assimilating power, is on the way; it is coming, we have no doubt. In the triumphs and defeats of 1891 we see the opportunity to hasten this church through the struggles and the jars, the toils and the disappointments of 1892. "Blessed be they who have toiled in the past. Blessed are they who still have power to toil in the future."

Dr. Abraham Kuenen.

Professor A. Kuenen, of Leyden, the eminent Biblical scholar and liberal theologian, died on December 10th. Had a princeling passed away, or one of the great workers on the "Bourse," the cable would have flashed the news across the Atlantic. As he who died was merely a scholar, we had to wait for the slow information in the Dutch exchanges on the mail list, to learn that while we were penning our lines, hoping for a speedy recovery, his body had already been laid to rest in the grave. And yet there is no man to-day, whose death could have been felt as deeply by the whole nation whose gifted son he was, and in the world at large, by that quiet confederation of studious and searching minds, whose pathfinder and teacher he had been these many years. When the men will be mentioned who influenced the thought of the latter half of the nineteenth century, among the brilliant company will be in the first rank, Abraham Kuenen. It is not too much to say, that next to the giants who spread the new views on the origin and evolution of the world of matter and mind, none has affected to so great an extent the opinions of his generation, as did the quiet, retiring scholar of Leyden. He was the first among the many men, who had traced out the true history of the Bible, whose voice was heard outside the narrow pale of his colleagues and fellow students. He was the first who carried the new knowledge into the library of the "general reader." It was he who forced sturdy adherents of the old traditional conceptions, to modify their positions. But while thus a popularizer in the noblest sense of the word, he was for all that an original searcher. Gifted, as few are, with both the critical insight and the constructive faculty, he, down to the merest details, discovered the marks which set aside, as belonging to one age or another, the piece of Hebrew writing come down to us, but at the same time, he, with a skill of the highest order, understood how to give life once more to the detached fragments, by assigning to them a new place, not merely in time, but in the very organism of the unfolding consciousness of the people who produced the Bible. "Biblical criticism is destructive." This is the battle-cry of many men, who have not the eyes to see, or, if they have, steadily close them to the truth. Kuenen's work was in an eminent degree constructive. His whole life is the proof that religion and religiousness are not wanting, necessarily, in a mind so ordered as his was. He was the living protest against the accusation, that such views of the Bible as he entertained, are subversive of the best religion brings to man. If ever there lived a man whose every breath was consecrated to the service of God, it was Abraham Kuenen. He was the incarnation of the spirit of tolerance. While it can not be denied that many of the foremost critical students of Old Testament literature are not free from anti-Semitism, Kuenen was the signal exception to this tendency, which is especially noticeable in the writings of the Germans. He was among the first to recognize the important services rendered by Geiger, in his "Urschrift." He had an open eye for the possibilities of reform Judaism in this day. He was one of those Christians, represented among us here by the Unitarians of the West, who are glad to feel the elbow of the Jew standing at the left of his line, and touching him who also fights on the extreme flank of his own host.

His more important works have been translated into English. Among these, his "Religion of Israel," his "Prophets and Prophecy;" and a small lecture on the Pentateuch; while his "National and Universal Religions," were Hibbert lectures, delivered by him in English in London. But beyond these, his main contributions which exercised considerable influence in re-shaping in the English speaking communities, views on religion and the Bible, his busy pen has bequeathed to posterity a brilliant collection of gems of no ordinary value. His "Historisch-Critisch Onderzoek naar het onstaan en de verzameling van de Boeken des Ouden Verbonds," is the scholarly basis upon which rest his more popular expositions. The first edition appeared before 1870; but during the last five years a second edition enlarged and revised, has passed through the press of which two volumes have been published, the third perhaps now forever still to be supplied. Of part first, a German translation has come out, and if we may trust our impression, an English is now in course of preparation. Kuenen was one of the founders of the *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, now beginning its twenty-sixth volume. There was scarce a number but contained from him longer articles on most interesting subjects or book reviews, suggestive and profitable in almost every line. He was a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Amsterdam, and in its publications, section history and philology, are stored away remarkable articles by Professor Kuenen, bearing upon mooted points in Jewish history. Among these, we remember one on the "Sanhedrim," and another on the "Men of the Great Synagogue," and a third on the history of the Massoretic text. It goes without saying that he was a master of Semitic philology, among his earliest works being the edition of an Arabic text bearing on Biblical subjects.

All those that knew him agree in this, that he was one of the most lovable and most loving men, of a personal magnetism which is of the rarest that ever graced earth. For his own family and for the sorrowing company of Biblical scholars, he has been removed too early. He was sixty-three years of age when after apparent recovery, death suddenly entered his study and commanded him to lay down the pen, that so often had traced in letters the deep thoughts which had risen in his mind, and, let me add, from the recesses of an affectionate and sympathetic, yea, an enthusiastic heart. Though not a Jew, he did much to set the Jew right in his relations with the great religious movements of this planet.

E. G. H.

Men and Things.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has founded an asylum for newsboys in London, in memory of her dead son, Lionel, the original of Lord Fauntleroy. The place is named Lionel's Home.

IT is told of a certain minister that one Sunday morning he preached his sermon with the following notice: "Brethren, I have forgotten my notes, and shall have to trust to Providence, but this evening will come better prepared."

THE BROWNING CYCLOPÆDIA, which has been in preparation by Dr. Edward Berdoe, author of "Browning's Message to His Time," will be published shortly by Macmillan & Co. It will doubtless prove a useful and thorough aid to the study of Browning.

THERE is a conspicuous difference of result in the publication of the Grant and the Jefferson Davis Memoirs, founded in a deep moral distinction. The former have reached the five-hundredth edition, the latter only the twentieth, and it is said the publishers recognize that it is a failure.

A NEW organization of women in San Francisco styled the "Doctors Daughters" is devoted to the relieving of the needs of poor people that are in distress on account of illness in the family. There are about forty of the "daughters," with a following of about two hundred associate members, devoted to the work of raising funds and distributing them by personal visitation among the deserving sick poor.

A RECENTLY consecrated bishop of the Episcopal Church has a youthful son who not long ago asked his Sunday-school teacher who was the stingiest man mentioned in the Bible. The teacher saw that the lad wanted the opportunity to answer the question himself, so he said: "I don't know, do you?" "Yes, Cæsar," was the reply. "Why Cæsar?" asked the puzzled teacher. "Why, don't you see?" said the boy, "the Pharisees gave our Lord a penny, and when he asked them 'Whose subscription is this?' they said, 'Cæsar's,' and I think he must have been a pretty mean man to give so little."

TORONTO is pronounced the strictest Sabbatarian city in America. All business is suspended on Sunday, all stores are closed; it is even forbidden to sell newspapers or soda water; no street cars are allowed to run, and any kind of transportation is difficult to get. But a great many of the Toronto people are objecting strongly to these rigid rules. Queen's Park is a beautiful place, but it is quite a long way out of town, and as no street cars are allowed to run, many thousands of citizens are deprived of the enjoyment of the park, simply because they can not walk the great distance. The street car question has been made a political issue, and it is probable it will be brought up at the coming municipal election.

THE Birds Protection Society in England has published its first report. In it, we are told that a correspondent of the *Times* gathered from a professional wild-fowler the statement that "he had not shot a single kittiwake, gull or sea swallow this year, because there was no demand for them, though in the previous year as many as 8,000 had been asked for by one dealer alone." Gentlemen, as well as ladies, belong to this society. Among the former is the well-known bird painter and Royal Academician, Stacy Marks, who says he likes birds better than many varieties of human beings. The duchess of Portland is the president of the organization.

CANON DUCKWORTH, of Westminster Abbey, is said to owe his place in ecclesiastical life and his favor in royal eyes to a slight act of courtesy to the princess of Wales. A number of years ago, when the princess was on her way with the prince and a party of friends to embark in a barge on the river at Oxford, she became separated from the others and stood at the river side alone and irresolute. A young man who happened to be near by saw her dilemma and, stepping forward, assisted her to embark. The prince, who arrived a moment later, thanked him. Dean Liddell, who was in the royal train, noted his gallantry, and within a few years the youth was a favorite with royalty and well on his way to preferment in the church. Now he is Canon of Westminster.

Contributed and Selected.

God's Worshipers.

As when I sit upon the brown sea-shore,
And hear the swart, old, ribbed rocks converse,
Telling the wonder of the ocean o'er,
Loving their lover's prowess to rehearse:
Or, as, when sunshine paints the panting world
On breathless summer days, with liquid bright,
I, lying in green woods, hear accents whirled
From tree-tops, babbling of that deathless light;
So is it with me, when I enter through
Some low-browed, chisel-fretted church's door:—
There pæans peal; these men their hopes renew
With talk of Him who made them: they adore
As do His other works:—yet what they say,
Is clearer said when woods and waters pray.

H. P. KIMBALL.

The Study Class.*

The standards of domestic life and conduct have changed rapidly during the last twenty-five years. A dull woman is no longer considered a good mother; nor a stupid woman the best housekeeper. The teaching of the schools is recognized as rudimentary, only a more or less complex elaboration of the three R's. College men are not called 'cultivated' unless they can show that they have builded something upon their foundations. The study class for adults seems to have been invented by middle-aged women. It is certainly a serious enthusiasm among them to-day.

After the school books are half forgotten, the fever and hurry of youth is past, and the dancing days are over, the zest for ideas renews the charm of life; when busy women have fitted themselves to their places, mothers have got their children into the school-room, and home-makers have learned to control the disintegrating powers within their gates, the time has come in which the study hour is regarded as a needed refreshment from tasks, and the study class as a well-earned holiday. The pleasure of association in study is the basis of more good fellowship among women than ever existed before. It may almost be said that women have discovered each other, so great is their enjoyment in this new-found sense of comradeship. It is an old saying that women dress for the approval of their own sex. Now their study, talk and work, successes or failures, are largely made through the pleasure and appreciation of women.

Once, in any drawing-room, women yawned behind their fans, and brightened only to receive the gentle condescension of the men. Is it so now? Are they not rather inclined to draw into a circle for joyous talk, leaving the men outside? Why do men stand about in such a dull way, and wish it were time to go home? Because men who are absorbed only in affairs by which they make money, do not interest each other. And men who read nothing but newspapers do not interest women. The day is past when "a man's a man for a' that," if "a' that" means flippancy, pomposity and ignorance.

The time was when men talked down to women. Now the affront is mutual. That much of this clannishness among women comes from the new bonds of affiliation through common subjects of interest seems certain. Men look up from their newspapers and blandly approve. They are often proud of their wives and daughters; for to be studious and intelligent is now even more than respectable—it is fashionable.

This widespread custom of associations for study is one of the most significant things of this decade. In cities, classes are more numerous than churches. In cool, bright little hamlets on the northern lakes, in all the western towns, a study class is born before the boom, and remains to hurry the boom. In conservative old places, in Virginia and Maryland and Kentucky, in Arkansas and Texas, the mothers are poring over the old tree calf editions (which were once considered as quite unsuitable for the female mind), learning their lessons for the Chautauqua Circle, or some other circle to which they belong. They range from Froebel to Zoroaster, from ancient art to the newest nostrum for ancient evil. And if the subjects are not always wisely chosen, they betray an unflagging zeal to satisfy that growing hunger for the intellectual life.

How small a ratio of men take any interest in such organizations, I appeal to the records of clubs in small towns to show. The proportion is generally about that of sixteen women to four and one-half men (a boy counting as one-half). In the rare case of a brilliant leader, a club for literary work occasionally includes both men and women. But leadership requires a special kind of talent: To be easily the first, yet willing to subordinate self to the level of the whole, to steer the club clear of "disputation's windy waste," to induce thinking people to talk, and talking people to think. Yet, as Agnes Repplier says, he can hardly hope to become popular by proposing real study to those who are burning to impart their ignorance!

But the two serious questions in organizing any literary work, namely, subjects and leaders, have received timely answers in a little book called "The Study Class," by Anna Benneson McMahan. To many readers of UNITY the name of the author is a guarantee of its excellence; and yet it seldom happens, to even a good writer to produce a book of such value. It is so much better than any other attempts in the same line, that it stands quite alone. In the preface she says:

"This book has grown out of a series of privately printed 'Outlines,' none of which have been in use for over five years. 'Educational resources offered no provision for groups of women of mature years and busy lives, whose school-days were long past, and whose only incitement was from within. Chautauqua and the societies for home study were scarcely more helpful.' 'The common impulse which drew these women together was not so much a wish to acquire facts, as a seeking for knowledge that should in some way issue in life, in character, in the *power to think, and express the thought.* This, then, was the problem. To provide something which should stir dormant faculties into life, that should awaken mental powers and furnish a clue to the relative values of things past and present, in literature and in life.' '*The outlines concern themselves with literature itself rather than with the history of literature.*'"

The italics are not the author's, but they emphasize the unique value of this great, small book.

There is a sweet reasonableness in her persuasion to begin study by making the acquaintance of English literature. The great majority of people who can read and spell have only a slight acquaintance with third rate authors. There is a great deal of practical life from the rising up in the morning until the lying down at night, so much that we get tired of it, and this book is a guide into a land of rest—into a fairyland, where genius lights the lamps.

If any half-dozen men and women are groping blindly for a plan of association in reading, let them get "The Study Class"; it has more practical value in teaching one how to read, than all the "English Literatures" put together. Here are the results of years of study and experiment, accurate scholarship and that literary insight which alone gives warrant to a leader. Any one who has suffered under the unenlightened leaders of classes will enjoy seeing a sample of their various questions summed up in cold print; and possibly only such a one will appreciate the delightful suggestiveness of the topics for discussion at club meetings. They would reenforce the most self-distrustful leader. Discursive-minded women who wander off on every bypath and get lost could be brought to book. And the pain of listening to the "man who has spent his life educating everybody but himself," would be mitigated. A club could take a one year's course, and stop enriched; but if they take the five years' course they will find themselves far on the road toward a liberal culture in the literature of the English language.

M. E. B.

*"The Study Class," by Anna Benneson McMahan. McClurg & Co. Chicago.

The Study Table.

The Women of the French Salons. By Amelia Gere Mason. The Century Company: New York. 1891.

Readers of the *Century Magazine* have had the opportunity to become acquainted with the text and illustrations of this book; but although the press work and general mechanism of the *Century* are so admirable, its readers would get quite a different sensation, both from the text and from the illustrations as they are presented here. Nothing could be more sumptuous than is the making of the book in every particular, nor can we recollect an instance of book-making in which poetic justice has been more completely done. It is as if the spirit of the book had made its own body to please itself. There are hundreds of books for which these rococo ornaments at the beginnings and the ends of chapters and enframing the various portraits would not be at all suitable. They are exactly suitable for a book dealing with the Women of the French Renaissance, which was devoted to this style in architecture, furniture and decoration. A very pretty effect is got by printing the ornaments mainly in a dull red ink of exquisite tone.

As for the story recited in the text it is one full of interest and suggestion. It reveals a state of society in which, while the general standing of women was much lower than at present, a few had greater influence than any have with us. Judging by their pictures personal beauty had little to do with their attractions. Their power was their *esprit*,—their intellectual brightness and vivacity—and their tact. Many of them were women of imperfect character. The Duchesse du Maine was not the only one of whom it might be truly said, "If she had been as good as she was wicked, there would have been nothing to say against her." But from first to last they show the folly of dividing people into two classes, good and bad. They were mixed of various yarn, good and ill together. Madame du Chatélet, the mistress of Voltaire and a faithless one at that, had great intellectual ardor and spent her days in patient study of philosophy and science. There were others like unto her. For an exchange of ideas no other device seems to have been so successful as the French *Salon*. But then, for its success it was necessary that there should be ideas to exchange.

The writer of these sketches has done her work with excellent discrimination, and her style is such as to commend her thoughts.

Madame de Stael. By Albert Sorel. Translated by Fanny Hale Gardiner. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1 00.

This book is the latest in the "Great French Writers" series, and like its predecessors is a compact and entertaining sketch. The author's method is to seek for the inspiration of Mme. de Stael's works through the study of the events of her life; a method well adapted to the present case, since the whole body of Mme. de Stael's writings was determined largely by her environment, and is strongly marked by the impress of her own actual experiences, which were those of a remarkable woman, living at the most remarkable period of French history. The translation is tolerably satisfactory. A comparison with the original leads us to think highly of the translator's knowledge of French, and her respect for accuracy; in the equally important knowledge of English, and the ability to write it with smoothness and idiomatic force, while still retaining the author's sense, the success is less complete.

Points of View. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Miss Repplier is mistress of a thoroughly charming style, and her essays collected in the present volume are delightfully entertaining. In saying so much, we are saying that she has realized her ideal of literary art, for art in its various departments, the author tells us repeatedly in various charming ways, is not properly designed to instruct, still less to uplift the moral sense or the spiritual life of those to whom it is addressed; its sole, legitimate purpose is to give pleasure. Now, since art constitutes on the whole the highest sphere of human effort, it seems that our author must think the highest human effort is, or should be, directed in the conscious pursuit of individual pleasure, and this inference is confirmed by a careful reading of all the essays in the book. We will not attempt here to discuss the foundations of Miss Repplier's egoistic philosophy, but content ourselves with quoting a sentence which shows the amount of actual enjoyment which she succeeds in extracting from it:

"All that we can hope for are distinct and happy moments, brief intervals from pain, or from that rational *ennui* which is inseparable from the conditions of human life."

This, then, is the best that her neo-Epicureanism can offer! We do not mean for a moment to dispute the right of any human being, who may choose to act on this philosophy, but we submit as an experimental fact that those who work for the accomplishment of remote and difficult ideals of world-helping, rather than for mere pleasures, find a constant and ever-growing joy, rather than a "rational *ennui*," to be inseparable from the conditions of human life.

Periodicals.

WHEN in the *Andover Review* for December we find this sentence written by Dr. Ward: "Righteousness, which is also repentance; which is more than that, faith; which is more than that, love; this righteousness is the one final and conclusive Biblical condition of salvation—we may well thank God and take courage that a more wholesome, because more ethical, view of salvation than once prevailed is now recognized in orthodox circles. None who are interested in collegiate education can afford to miss an article by President Thwing, in the same number, which, in curt sentences, many of which are susceptible of improvement in point of literary style, describes the course of study adopted in Adelbert College of Western Reserve University, whose endeavor, and apparently successful endeavor is to combine the advantages of free elections, group courses, and prescribed studies. All the other articles in the issue are good, but no others are of commanding interest unless we except Morrison Swift's on "The Halo of Industrial Idleness." The editorial department is occupied mainly with contributions on the relinquishment of the Briggs Case, which, by the way, it is entirely misleading to call an "acquittal"; and the decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in the Andover cases. Prof. Briggs' response to the New York Presbytery is printed in full, and there are the usual book reviews.

THE *Forum* for January contains two articles of theological interest, one on "Heresy Trials and the Briggs Case," by Rev. Philip Schaff, and another on "Theological Education and its Needs," by Dr. Briggs. Gen. Slocum writes on "Pensions"; Dr. Geffcken on "The Pope and the Future of Papacy." Joseph E. Bishop, on "The Secret Ballot in the Thirty-three States." Warren F. Spalding contributes a reply to a recent article by Wm. P. Andrews on "The Increase of Crime in Massachusetts." This number contains an unusual feature in a Christmas sermon by Rev. Henry C. Potter.

THE *Beacon Magazine* is the name of a new monthly published in New York, the first number of which is before us. Its special aim is quite unique, being the publication of rare manuscripts. The first issue contains the reproduction of two pages of the "History of Cambria"; and also of "Washington's Daily Prayer," one of the illustrations accompanying three articles on Washington. The remaining contents deal with historical and literary topics, and the list of contributors numbers some good names.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

A Slumber Song. By Nina Lilian Morgan. Chicago: Lily Pub. House. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 124. Price, $1.00.

Homilies of Science. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 317. Price, $1.50.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. II. Purgatory. Tran. by Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, pp. 216. Price, $1.25.

Latest Literary Essays. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 184. Price, $1.25.

The Duchess of Powysland. By Grant Allen. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. Paper, 12mo, pp. 227. Price, 35 cts.

Church Door Pulpit.

The Ethics of Luxury.

DELIVERED BY W. L. SHELDON BEFORE THE ETHICAL SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS.

From Plato down to the present day it has been said that what men have to do is to withdraw from what is outside of them back into the life of the soul. It has been asserted that if we care for pleasures at all, it should be pleasures of the mind. And yet there can be no such thing as thought, unless there be objects for the thinking; there can be no such thing as feeling, unless there be objects for the feeling. What would be the value of the sense of the beautiful if there were to be no care for objects of beauty? What, even, could the law of duty mean to us, if there were no fellow-beings outside, to whom our hearts go forth with varying degrees of attachment? The soul, itself, would be a blank if there were no outside world on which it might concentrate itself. He only is strong as a man, who suffers and is broken for the time in spirit, when overtaken by grief. He only is complete as a man, whose heart can literally overflow with joy when some external good falls to his lot. The outside world is essentially a part of ourselves. We depend upon it for the sustenance of our inmost being. We live by means of the sunlight and the rainfall, so far as our physical existence is concerned; precisely in the same way we live in our souls by the sunlight and the rainfall which come to us, or which we obtain through our own efforts in shaping and molding external objects that may be plastic to our will. The more objects of beauty a man's taste can respond to, the more he is of a man. In a certain respect the greater our dependence on the external world, the larger is our inward being; because it implies the greater number of chords set within ourselves, that can respond to the varying music played for us by nature or the universe. What a callous sort of a man a person must be, who feels no sense of awe in the presence of the stars! What a dwarf in stature an individual must be, who does not feel a sense of keen delight when walking up and down the aisles of a cathedral! How small the person must be, who can not feel pleasure in the colors of the pearl or of the diamond, or in the exquisite texture of a beautiful piece of woven cloth! What if a care for such objects, an interest in form and beauty, should develop in certain persons an exaggerated selfishness! We may pity a man that he could have those tastes and no more. We may look with pain, if not contempt, when we see that a motive which might be high and pure should have been developed in such a way as to degrade the character.

For my own part, I do not believe that we can have too many objects of luxury in the world. There can not be too many beautiful buildings, too much real taste and splendor in the home, too many precious jewels, too much sculpture or music, too many handsome cities; no, there can not even be too much fine clothing, or too many objects of personal ornamentation. There is no danger that in the long run the human race may exercise too much will power in shaping the external world. We may do much in the wrong way; we may waste a vast amount of energy where it is of no value; we may defeat our own aims by caring too much for the lower forms of luxury. The ethics of the problem is not that we should do away with the desire, but rather to find a true means of utilizing it. We need to know what luxuries are for, how in their different forms they may gratify our inner cravings; we need to understand what relation they are to occupy to the different elements of our human nature.

We must admit that, to a certain extent, the aim up to the present day has been somewhat deplorable in its results. But then we are only at the beginning of the problem. Precisely as we say in the pursuit for happiness, just so we must say in the care for luxuries. When human beings were first set free to go in search of these objects, they went in search of them at random. At the present epoch we are merely at what might be termed the stage of accumulation. It is as though we were just undertaking to get all we could. For the most part the majority stop merely with the possession of the materials by which they might secure luxuries; that is to say they are merely intent on obtaining the raw earth, the gold and the silver which is the bare medium through which too btain the real goods of the world.

When, too, we begin to use the raw material in our possession, we are liable at first to spend it, not in real luxuries but on other raw material. When a man who may have saved sufficiently to have become either a capitalist of a few months' standing or the holder of untold millions, the first and predominant instinct is to take the chief gratification in the bare fact of possession. We may all need to begin to some extent to be misers in order to be induced to secure the means by which to become full grown men. At the present moment we are in a stage of hoarding. We may do it by keeping the material in stocks and bonds; we may do it by exchanging them for other raw material, as houses and lands; we may purchase objects of art and beauty, not because we like them, but just for the sake of owning them; as yet we hold them, not for what they can be to us and to the world, but chiefly from the satisfaction in their possession.

When a man establishes a home, it is not merely to be a cave or den in which to live; it is to be a section of enclosed space in which he is to *grow*. A cave may do for a bear or a leopard; it will not do for a human being. We shall simply reduce the human being to the mental and moral stature of the leopard and the bear, if we ask him to live in a cave. He is to grow not merely physically, but in his mind and soul; and there must be around him, within that enclosed section of space, the material on which his mind and soul can feed. That home should be the reflection of his tastes, and at the same time be a stimulus to the development of higher tastes. It should be an illustration of himself as a man, but at the same time urge him to be more of a man.

Independent of the effects upon the moral character, there is something pleasing to the mind in a household perfectly equipped with all the necessities, the comfort and luxuries which can serve to gratify the tastes, cultivate the feelings, make the best opportunities for the largest life possible. It should be supplied with every object by which each member of the home could follow his own instincts and cravings. It should give to every person assembled, a corner of the castle all to himself. He should be allowed to drain the sea, the earth, and the skies, for whatever might gratify the longings of his heart or the cravings of his mind. He should feel that nature is his servant, that he has a right to make use of all that she offers him, to exercise his will and his thought on all those objects. Luxuries are the materials which have been shaped by the handiwork of man, to gratify our tastes and develop the feelings. No man who has risen above the stage of the brute, cares for the mere raw earth for his possession; but there is a satisfaction in owning or having something which, by having been shaped into form through the intelligence of men, reflects exactly the craving, or expresses identically the personal feeling, of that particular individual. Just as a man desires out of a million people, two or three who may be adapted to his own nature and become personal friends, precisely in the same way he wants and needs out of the manifold objects of beauty in the world, some few that may appeal to him distinctively, and become, as it were, another part of himself. If a man for example has a peculiar fondness for porcelain, for the rich wares that come from the establishments of Europe and Asia, normally it would be well if that craving could be satisfied, if he could have on the table at his disposal and for his daily use what harmonized with his finer sentiments and delicate sympathies. If another person has a peculiar interest in rich hangings or tapestries and beautiful carpets, or wonderfully woven rugs, it would be well indeed if that individual also could follow his fancies. He would like to feel that a part of the natural world had been shaped into form and texture through human handiwork, and now could become part of himself, by its being around him and in his possession. Luxuries might be said to serve the office of inanimate friendships from the natural world. They supply certain riches in ourselves, just as much as do our fellow-human beings. It is not altogether a brute selfishness that leads a man to care to have a certain object of beauty strictly for his own. If he feels that it particularly fits his own nature more than it would the nature of others, then there is a certain justice in his desire to have it in his possession. It is the same way that a man may feel a craving to have certain men particularly for his friends in the full sense of the words; but everybody can not be in the same relation to himself. If there is a distinctive individuality to every person, then there are men adapted to one another by nature for friendship; and there are likewise objects of beauty, of luxury, which might almost be thought of as having been designed to fit the character or cravings of certain persons.

The one great misfortune is, however, that the office of luxuries is not understood. We forget, perhaps, that an object of this kind only serves its purpose when it is distinctively adapted to a certain individual's peculiar nature. When a man possesses something which is a mere *external* to him, which he has there, from no other motive than because he likes the sense of ownership, then he is doing a wrong to the world. He is depriving some other individual of what might normally fit and satisfy another's cravings and disposition. He is undertaking to claim a monopoly of Providence.

It is just this feature which, probably more than anything else, brings down so much indignation with regard to luxuries. There are so many possessions in the hands of persons who have no consciousness of the beauty of what they hold in their hands. You will occasionally, for example, see the same thing in human relations. We sometimes remark instances where a father or mother will have a child who seems quite foreign to themselves. They think they understand the heart of their little one; but wise judges, as they look on, can but feel almost as though Providence had made a mistake, had made a wrong allotment. There may be a beauty, a rare individuality about that little one, which is quite unknown and unappreciated by those who have that soul in their charge. We are conscious then that some time in the future the *world* will claim that life.

We can but feel the same way with all these objects of beauty and luxury scattered abroad, as it were by accident, in many hands at the present day. *People know so little the value of their own possessions.* We wish somehow that men could be in their natures in keeping and correspondence with the furniture of their own houses and homes; just as we would desire that they should be in like harmonious relation with the members of their household. At the present time it would almost seem as though confusion reigned everywhere. In encouraging these relationships, whether it be those to the inanimate world and its objects of beauty, or whether it be to the human world, it is the same old story. Two men live side by side in the same room together who do not belong together. Men and women become joined by the most sacred ties, for a lifetime, who, by all the laws of history, should regard those bonds as indissoluble; and yet they are wholly unadapted to one another, because they did not at the outset, in making their choice, consider that great essential law of natural fitness in relationship.

It is true, indeed, that an architect may often be the normal possessor of the house he builds; and yet there is many a family that thinks it a natural event to move into an edifice wholly designed and planned by another. We forget that these externals, as we call them—the mere furniture of the household, the objects of comfort and luxury—in the long run become an essential part of our lives. We know perfectly well that the books we read determine the character of the mind, but we too often forget that the pictures on our walls, even the earthenware on our tables, influence our nature and feelings. We grow and expand, or we shrink and dwarf, according as those objects fit in with our disposition.

Wealth itself is not essential to luxuries; it is more often liable to destroy rather than develop the true ideal of luxury, because it leads a man to choose an object which can appear as a display to others, rather than as something which is adapted to his own nature. We may occasionally go into a home, or a single room, which has been for years the abode of some one individual. We may at first think that the standard of taste is not high, as we look upon it we shall observe incongruities. We may set the person down as crude and half-developed. But, nevertheless, if that single section of space, shut off from the world, has grown out of that man's own wants and careful thinking, in time it will lift and place that man on a far higher level; higher than in the other case where a person or a family may give an order *carte blanche* to a Tiffany, and have them provide for the individual a home. How often do we see, for example, that people in the quiet tenor of their lives shrink away from their own parlors, spend a large portion of their existence in some retired corner of the household, where they can be their natural selves. I shall never forget in one of the novels of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the picture of a family and a few guests who are gathered on Christmas eve around the kitchen fire in the country. The mistress of the house is worried and anxious because she wants them all to move into the front parlor. She has taken so much pains and expended so much of her energy and means to fit up that room. But then, Sam Lawson puts in, "Never mind, never mind, Hetty, we have all been in the room, and we know that you have a parlor. That answers the purpose just as well. Now let us stay here and be comfortable and happy in the kitchen."

There is of course, a certain Bohemianism in that regard, that might be detrimental to character. A man does

need to live in a room or in a household that is always a *little* above his present taste in order that he may develop to a higher plane of interests; but when on the other hand the home is altogether out of keeping, then the effect is simply to make it for him a blank. He is practically without a home. All parts of the house are just the same to him; he would as soon loaf in the garret as in the parlor.

The main point of distinction which I want to lay stress upon here is, that just as friends are for a man's self, so the place for luxuries is not in the drawing room, but in the library, where the members of the family live and talk and work together. It is for that reason, I suppose, that so many people of moderate means, after they have once set out in life and purchased a few objects of taste and value for their parlor, after that, as the needs grow for the family, do not care to expend anything further for what does not seem absolutely necessary. Now, I believe, it would be well for many a family if they would save every penny, plan for months and years ahead, in order to be able once in a certain period to expend a reasonably large sum just on a particular object of pure luxury. It might be a picture on the walls, a library table, or a mere rug for the floor. It would be well if the members of the family would think upon it and discuss it months before; and then nothing should be allowed to interfere when the fixed time came for making the expenditure. In that case, year by year, the household, the home, would seem to grow. Every piece of furniture put there would have a history, would take back the memory to discussions over the desires and varied tastes as displayed year by year. This habit would tend to make the family feel that its life each year was enlarging with the addition of each new object of utility and beauty.

I do not say that one should consult wholly his own tastes and fancies. He should, at the same time, consider the education of his taste. When selecting an object of beauty he should consult with those who know about such things, who have education in art, who also may know what may be of lasting satisfaction to the taste, and also what would soon pall and tire the eye and mind. But within those limits he should choose for himself. For a time it is true we might have less display of good taste in the world. The average would be lower. But on the other hand the real sense of taste and feeling would be developing, so that it would only be deferring the time when the average would reach a far higher stage of development.

It often comes home to the judges of art in our own century, how little there is of actual original work. Never, perhaps at any time, has there been one-tenth of the amount of wealth lavished upon art and luxury, which we expend at the present day. Millions on millions go every year on just such objects, and yet it is so awfully depressing that while we are spending ten times the wealth, we are practically contributing almost nothing to the art treasures of the future. We are developing no architecture of our own, we are simply copying the antique or the mediæval; we are squandering our means on bare imitation. Antiquity or the Middle Ages did not have one-quarter or one-tenth of the means to expend; nevertheless in their expenditure they did not merely gratify a momentary feeling, but they left for all the future a magnificent heritage. We all own the Parthenon, the Apollo Belvedere, the Cologne Cathedral, the Sistine Madonna. Those men did not merely please themselves for the moment, they did not use their means as a display for other people, they were not interested in mere possessions or accumulations; they undertook to stamp the impress of what was in themselves upon the external world. It was that that gave us all those art treasures of the Middle Ages and of antiquity.

We ask ourselves at the present day what are we going to give the future; and often the only reply we can make would be huge office buildings in the shape of a drygoods box, houses that are often compiled in form from a half dozen different varieties of early architecture. Only a few build for themselves, and know exactly what they want. The world is disposed to look upon such individuals with contempt; nevertheless they are the persons who, if any, will contribute to the heritage of the future. What makes luxuries a sin and a crime, a waste and an evil in society, is simply conventionalism in luxuries.

A great evil charged upon the fondness for such objects is, that it tends to encourage selfishness. Men in their eagerness to gratify their own tastes, are liable to forget the wants and needs of others. It concentrates their interest on their own personal development. It is said that they become cold and hard, callous to the sufferings and trials of others. Not only that, but it is intimated that this habit encourages the instinct for monopoly, the want to possess more than one's share. We may often have the picture sketched of a man who in philosophic indifference to the needs of the world, withdraws in a kind of moral slumber into the comforts and luxuries of the life which he has built up for himself. These charges in the main are true. We do have these instances always before our eyes; but I doubt very much whether the evil can be attributed to the bare desire for luxury. A great part of this selfishness comes, not in the eagerness to have something fitting to one's own nature, which is what I call a taste for luxury; bnt rather in the ambition for display, which leads a man to be eager to possess what I term the *raw earth*, because it helps him in the esteem of others. We should not have one-twentieth of the selfishness and monopoly if men only sought for those objects which they actually wanted for themselves.

It is true, however, that while we are speaking of the abstract ideal of luxury it would be wrong for us to gratify all our desires, even were it possible. No man who has human feeling can rid himself of the disturbing contrast between his own position of comfort and the situation of those who may have like tastes with himself but can never gratify them. Any person, therefore, who gives full reign under those circumstances to his instincts, instead of rising, sinks to the level of the brute. He becomes callous; he is as heartless and soulless as the inanimate earth which he may care to possess. He is bound by nature and by all the human elements in himself, to share those opportunities, to some extent, with others who are less fortunate through the accident of birth or surroundings.

This brings me to another aspect in the subject which I care also particularly to dwell upon. We have referred to a certain kind of luxury as being wholly adapted to one's self. Now there is another kind which men can share together. It has been the neglect of this kind of feeling which has so debauched the tastes of the world at the present day. The great contrast between the art spirit of Athens and our own great cities, lies in the fact that the men of those days somehow felt that they *all* owned the Parthenon. Pericles furnished the money for it, Phidias may have designed it, but the people of Athens looked upon it as *their* possession. It mattered not to them whose money paid for it, whose name was engraved upon it; according to their feeling it belonged to the world. They were proud of it as though each man there had paid for it himself.

This is the feeling which is particularly lacking in our own day. We have not reached that stage where we can take the keenest delight in owning something in common. It all comes, of course, because we have not got past the stage of accumulation. We are desirous every time of saying, "This particular object is my own." We want the world to know who possesses it; we are eager to have it displayed before the public. We may even on the other hand be glad to hold it from others, like the miser all for ourselves, as gratifying the instinct of power.

I do not believe that we shall cease this enormous waste, this expenditure on bare imitation; I doubt whether we shall begin to lay up the heritage of new ideas, new forms, new types which the men of the coming day may use,—until we have reached this other stage, first of caring for objects of beauty and luxury only as they are adapted to individual wants, and in the second place, only as we gradually develop this other feature of co-operative enjoyment in luxury. When our cities reach that standpoint of positive delight in beautiful public buildings, in works of art and beauty scattered abroad, in handsome avenues and splendid houses, even though we individually may not live in them or have anything personally to do wiih them, only then can we hope for a larger development and higher forms of luxury. The time may come when individuals may say: "This particular which I possess is too rare and too wonderful, just for me. Thousands and millions could find as much pleasure in it as myself. The public should have it and be able to enjoy it." But after all, that is only one-half that is necessary. As a matter of fact when we come down to the real consideration, we are not yet at the stage when we know how to enjoy as a community what we actually possess. We are so intent at the present time in having objects for ourselves, "all for our very own," as the children say, that we do not think to go out into our city, or abroad in our country and see what we already possess. Men somehow crave either to have something all for their very own, or else to be able to do something which other people can not do. They want to go to the Alps for scenery when they might find it a few miles from their own city. The latter experience appears so common. Yet after all, what if it is common, if it is exactly what we want and what fits our tastes? The other instinct is pure selfishness; it is not a care for luxuries, it is no more than a desire for *display* in luxuries.

We do need to encourage this feeling for common possession. It does at first cost a sacrifice. The object, as we see it, either possessed by another man or by the community, does not quite seem our own. The feeling is at present beyond us; nevertheless the instinct is within. It is only a question of cultivation.

For my own part, I have had a fancy or plan running in my mind for two or three years which I hope some time in the distant future to carry out among a few friends. It is for a small number of persons to group together for the sake of owning a number of luxuries in common. They may, for example, twelve or fifteen of them, contribute say at random, a hundred dollars apiece; then two or three should consult with the persons best educated in art and luxuries, and select twelve or fifteen small objects of beauty. There might be two or three bronzes, a few good water-colors, one or two perfect photographs, two or three rich vases from Sévre or India, a piece of wood carving, and possibly a single piece of marble. Then month by month we would have these objects of beauty rotate in our homes, until at the end of the year we each for a period of thirty days would have had twelve different objects of real beauty and luxury under our eye, to feed this spirit in our own households. At the end of that time the objects might be divided by lot, and some one piece could thus come into the possession of each family.

It is a random scheme; but it occurs to me as a possible scheme that might ultimately enlarge the sympathies and encourage a truer spirit in the use of luxuries. We must break down the tendency in such use towards selfishness. We must make it right in our feelings that we can enjoy an object of beauty even when others possess it with us in common ownership. It enlarges the feelings, it helps us into a purer sense of a love of the beautiful. At the same time, of course, we shall each in our own way possess some things for ourselves; but it is a mistake and a wrong that we have not yet reached the state of joy in the impersonal possession of luxuries.

We might say that this subject is really a study in the ethics of the home. And so it is. It is a study of the problem how to grow large in spirit as we grow old in years. It is a study of the question how to increase and expand in our feelings and our tastes, while the cares multiply and the expenditures must shrink. In fact, we might say the whole problem goes back to that one question, how to ever keep on developing the spirit, while the years slowly lessen our external powers. There is something so pathetic in seeing the soul shrink in stature as a man grows old. It is so inspiring, on the other hand, when we see each year of life always adding something to the inner man.

We are not to forget, however, that there is a second home. It is other than the secluded corner of space we occupy in our own households; it is this world outside of us where our fellows dwell. There, too, is the problem of luxury, the ethics of the world's home. We may not forget that while we grow in spirit ourselves to a larger life in a restricted household, we desire too, that that other home of all mankind may likewise, from larger opportunities and more light expand in its spirit and character. But the problem reduces itself to the one issue. Luxury implies, if properly used, a *relationship*. It is a failure, a sin, a crime, unless there is a correspondence between what a man is and what he possesses. When we have solved that problem, we might also say that we have solved the Ethics of the Home.

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SIX TRACTS ABOUT JESUS

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY—A sermon by W. C. Gannett, 2c. mailed. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, Chicago.

Notes from the Field.

Cleveland.—At Unity Church, the congregation and Sunday-school joined in a Christmas service on the Sunday morning after Christmas. The church was beautifully decorated with holly, and a special order of service was distributed in the pews. A choir of sixteen voices rendered a "Gloria" from Mozart, and there was special music by the children, the quartet choir, together with congregational chants and hymns. The sermon by Mr. Hosmer was given in the form of a story,—"The Child's Christmas-Eve Dream," which may perhaps see print soon. On Monday evening, Dec. 28, the Sunday-school had its Christmas supper and merry-making. It was a pleasant sight to see the children gather at the six long white-covered tables, trimmed with holly and aglow with colored candles, the gas being turned down. All joined in a word of greeting and thanksgiving as they sat down. The after entertainment in the rooms above, consisted of carols, some recitations by the little ones, a flute solo with piano accompaniment by two girls of the school, and Kate Wiggin's story of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," in dramatized form upon the little stage,—admirably carried out and creating great amusement both for children and adults. The usual distribution of "Unity Church Christmas" boxes of candy followed, and closed one of the most delightful of festivals. The attendance of parents and friends completely filled the ample parlors.

Boston.—Boston plans to make a special New Year's offering to the Hampton School.
—Robt. T. Paine will lecture in Channing Hall on Monday, Jan. 11, at 3 P. M., on "Tenement House Reform."
—A complimentary dinner will be given Jan. 12, at the "Vendome" to Rev. Brooke Herford, under the auspices of the younger clergymen.
—In the Unitarian Chapel, South Boston, Dec. 20, Rev. J. K. Smythe (Swedenborgian) explained his religious views and hopes.
—Christmas was joyful in churches and Sunday Schools and institutional and private homes—despite the prevalent "Grippe." The general celebration by songs and presents and evergreen decorations, was a wide variation from the Boston usages of half a century ago.
—A hundred members of the South Middlesex club met in the Parker House, Boston, to discuss with some guests the best way for churches to help sustain the A. U. A. "To pay promptly and fully an apportioned share of the annual expenses" seemed to be the general response.
—Rev. J. B. Harrison, an agent of the "Trustees of Public Reservation in Massachusetts," is gathering details of the history and legal status of city parks and village commons, in order to make more sure tenure, and to make an additional number of these needed breathing squares and juvenile playgrounds.

Humboldt, Iowa.—We clip the following from a late number of the Humboldt County *Blade:* The opera house was well filled Sunday evening to hear Rev. T. P. Byrnes give the Unitarian answer to the question, "What must we do to be saved?" The speaker began by explaining the hall had been secured for that date, upon the understanding from the Methodist people that their series of meetings was to close during the previous week, that there was no thought, or purpose of, in any manner interfering or interrupting any plan which the Methodists or others had in view, but that it was the purpose of the appointment to present fairly the position of the Unitarian church upon the question which has been prevailing in the community for weeks. He also stated in the course of his address that it was his mission and the mission of his church to help all people to lead better lives, and that so far as any other religious teacher is at work for that end he would be found a co-operator. The address of an hour's length was delivered entirely without notes and was a strong and eloquent presentation of the liberal view of salvation. A double choir furnished choice music for the service.

Chicago.—*The Universalist Messenger* of January 2, quotes approvingly from a sermon by Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the First Church, on the ethics of Jesus contrasted with modern business ethics, as reported in the *Morning News.*
—The gentlemen of All Souls Church, availed themselves of the Leap Year privilege by promptly taking possession of New Year's Day. They became the hosts and received their lady friends in the church. In the reversal of the usual order, they set a difficult standard for their sisters to live up to in the management of the social affairs of the church for next year. The church was beautifully decorated, and a large number of lady visitors were entertained. From six to ten o'clock the edifice was thronged.
—Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the Church of the Messiah is giving a series of six Sunday evening lectures on "Epoch Makers in Christianity," under the following topics: Jesus, the Prophet, Paul the Organizer, Augustine the Theologian, Luther, the Reformer, George Fox, the "Voice," Emerson, the Seer. These lectures promise to be of a most interesting and instructive character, and should command a wide hearing.

Salem, O.—Society is prospering finely. We dedicated our new Unity Church Jan. 3. Our numbers have increased constantly and our influence is constantly widening. We have a fine Sunday-school, a Unity Club of older members, and a Channing Club, composed of those under eighteen years of age; also a fine Ladies' Aid Society. On Thanksgiving a festival under their auspices netted $225 for the building fund of the church. Mr. Brown has just completed a course of twelve Sunday evening lectures upon "The Foundation of a Rational Theology," showing that science was religious and true theology was a philosophy based upon science. He traced the process of evolution from class to man, his last lecture being upon this theme. The purpose of evil through evolution is the personal Immortality of Man. We are closing the third year of our society prosperously, and when we start in our new church, expect to renew our powers. Fraternally,

H. H. B.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The People's Meeting, Rev. S. W. Sample, minister, celebrated Christmas on Sunday, December 20, with special musical service, and sermon by Mr. Sample on, "Is the world growing better or worse?" The last page of the order of service contains the following declaration: "It is our faith that Love to God and Man is the soul of religion. We would have the Fatherhood of God believed, and the Brotherhood of Man lived. With this end in view, we are striving to promote both social and individual reform, which should go hand-in-hand; to instruct and inspire in the science and art of noble living; to be hands and feet for the divine providence of human helpfulness."

Oakland, Cal.—The Starr King Fraternity is an organization of a social and literary character, connected with the Unitarian church here. The calendar for the present season is before us, but is too long to publish entire. It includes a Lowell Memorial meeting, and readings from George Eliot, twelve lectures on "University Extension," by Prof. Geo. H. Howison, two or three musical evenings, social evenings, etc.

Pomona, Cal.—The ladies of the Unitarian church, of Pomona, held a successful "Bazaar" on Wednesday, Dec. 16. The net receipts were about $240.00. The Los Angeles *Times* says "it was the largest and most varied fair of the season."

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Mon.—Who doeth right deeds is twice born.
Tues.—Know ye not that God relents
Ere the sinner well repents?
Wed.—Each man's life
The outcome of his former living is.
Thurs.—Form passes, but the free truth stands.
Fri.—How can love lose doing of its kind
Even to the uttermost?
Sat.—Shun evil, follow good, hold sway
Over thyself. This is the way.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

A Green Mountain Fairy.

On the eastern slope of a range of green hills in Southern Vermont, stands a small farm house built very early in the nineteenth century. The central and most capacious factor of that house, is its chimney, built before architects had conspired to exterminate that queer bird, the chimney-swallow. Its wide, unused flues were so hospitable that every summer found them decorated with the swallow's curious, gluey nests. Under the broad, sloping roof were a north room, a south room, a north bedroom, a large kitchen, dining room and living room all in one. The windows were neither numerous nor large, but somehow enough of sunshine and pure air managed to creep in, to lighten and sweeten every corner; always excepting, of course, those days when the "nor'easters" swept over those green hills, and people came to possess more corners than their houses; and the swallow's nests soaked off the chimney's sides, and the wail of the unhoused birds bulletined the progress of the storm.

Forty years ago four people were living in this house; grandpa, father, mother, and a six-year-old girl. The mother called the little girl "Sis," the father, "Tot," and somehow from its fitness this last name clung to her for a long time.

Perhaps you think she is the fairy I am going to tell you about. Oh, no, she was not the least bit fairy-like. She was a wide-awake, resolute little maid and she had very red cheeks, and wide-open blue eyes, and a good appetite, and banged the south door sometimes, especially when she thought the gander (the only creature she ever feared) was close behind her. Now, the father and mother were of genuine Puritan descent, and though they had shaken off many of the severe and unlovely traits of their ancestors, they frowned sharply on fables and fairy stories, and were unflinching in their determination that Tot's little head should not be filled with such nonsense.

If you had said anything to Tot about a "Brownie" she would have thought you meant one of Speckle's dear, fuzzy, little chickens out in the coop; or possibly the late unwelcome addition to the flock in the "home" pasture, the black lamb. Had you spoken of the queen of the fairies, she would instantly have suspected you meant Queen Elizabeth in her Peter Parley; that being who seemed to have a head and body like other women, only they were forever divided by that stiff wheel-like deformity. "Poor lady," Tot thought, "she could never, never see how nice and shiny the toes of her new shoes were."

But you and I know now that a little girl *can't* get along without a fairy of some sort, least of all a little girl like Tot who had few playmates. Her one big sister was away at the seminary or teaching most of the time, and her cousins lived miles away and the neighbors' children were few and remote, so Tot just "made up" a fairy. What her father and mother would have thought, had they known that upright and downright, truthful-speaking and acting child was really *living fairy stories* under their very eyes every day, I can not even imagine.

Now Tot's fairy creation, unseen by all save herself, was a little girl of her own age, but in all other respects very unlike, and her name was Olive. Tot was rosy, Olive was pale; Tot's hair was straight and black; Olive's dusky brown and wavy; Tot's eyes were blue, Olive's brown like her hair; Tot's ways were brisk and brusque, Olive's way, very gentle, and she wore a dress soft and clinging, of a peculiar dusky green color,—Tot had never had a green dress.

Now where do you suppose Tot's fairy kept herself? In the hollow apple tree just across the road north of the house where the bluebird found such a charming nesting place; or by the cool spring under the elm-tree in the pasture-lane close by; or on the mossy ledge just south of the barn? No, not in any of these lovely and appropriate places. I almost blush to tell you where, it seems so homely a fairy dwelling-place,—but in the southeast corner of the north bedroom closet under a low, broad shelf.

Here Tot brought her treasures for Olive to watch over—her big rag doll, Katie, a little tin dog on wheels, a glass goose that could swim, and the little books she liked best.

When Tot was naughty and shut into this same closet to sob away the smart of some well-deserved rebuke, she was sure to feel the comfort of Olive's gentle arms about her neck, and kindly sympathetic whispers in her ear. On summer mornings when Tot had wiped the dishes every one, and hung the dish-towels neatly away, and knit "five times around" on the ever-waiting stocking, she would give a signal to Olive, and snatching her buff sunbonnet from its nail by the south door, off they ran hand-in-hand to the fields and woods. Together they picked the first ripe strawberries on the little hill by the big stone-heap, where they were sure to find the ground sparrow's nest, and often stopped to drop a berry into the wide-open bills of its little inmates. Together on summer evenings they went for the cows—down the lane, across a tiny brook, over rocky ledges, and along moist black paths, where the lush rank brakes grew taller than their young heads.

Oh, what a merry time they had, when the October woods showered their scarlet and yellow leaves upon them, while with the squirrels they gathered the tiny beechnuts and sometimes held their breaths and strained their eyes to get a good look at a swiftly scurrying partridge, that liked beechnuts as well as they.

But as the strawberries and beechnuts came and went, Tot grew and grew, and went to school, and formed more companionships, and had multiplied tasks, so Olive was summoned less and less frequently from the closet corner, and finally came no more. But she was never forgotten, and when on August evenings the crickets chirped in the self-same closet corner, Tot often wondered if it were not in memory of Olive's sweet and gentle mission.

A. R. W. B.

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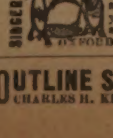
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VI.—THE RELIGION OF PERSIA.

LESSON XVIII.

(c) The Future Life. Resurrection. Judgment. Modern Parsees.

1. The Doctrine of a Future Life and its influence.
2. The end of the world near, according to Zoroaster. This world to be burned up, a resurrection and judgment to take place, and Ormuzd to be supreme.
3. Relate the story of the soul after death and called to judgment. The bridge, Chinevat, the judge, Mithra, etc.
4. The general resurrection. Resuming of bodies and recognition of friends. Conception of Paradise and hell.
5. Fire worship, burial, and other rites. Veracity and its relation to intolerance.
6. Modern Parsees at Bombay. Their charities.

NOTES.

"The belief in a life to come, is one of the chief dogmas of the Zend Avesta."
—*M. Haug.*

Man sows more seeds of good and evil than can be ripened and harvested in this world; for the consequences of conduct are eternal.

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All through the **Gathras** runs the hope that the end of the present world is near. Then "the Kingdom of God" will come in heaven and earth. The sun will shine without night, the pious will be happy and at peace in the fellowship of Ormuzd and the angels forever.

The Parsees are called "fire worshipers" for their reverence for this natural symbol which is associated with the deepest truths of their religion. To light or extinguish fire is an act of piety. They will not blow out a lamp, nor smoke tobacco or opium, because they will not taint the pure essence of fire with human breath.

Yet to call them "fire-worshipers," is as if we should call Catholics and other Christians "cross-worshipers," or "water-worshipers," or "bread-and-wine worshipers," because they use these in their sacraments or religious rites.

The Persian never made tolerance or brotherhood a principle of his religion. It was rather exclusive, stoical and despotic. Its affinity is, therefore, rather with Judaism than with Christianity or Buddhism.

Its fullest life flowered out in Mohammedanism—whether in its conception of the life here or hereafter—which has been estimated to be made up of **one** part of Christianity, **two** parts of Judaism, and **three** parts of Parseeism.

"There is nothing in worship but what existed before in mythology."
—*Darmesteter.*

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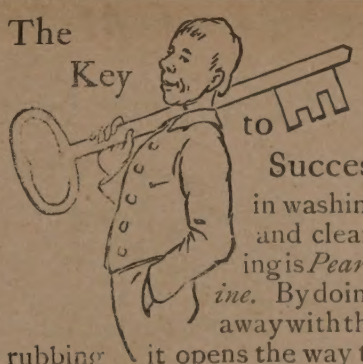
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